

Moist  
Fleshy pink hands are now  
Covering us,  
Lowering us into  
A tiny metal  
Box.  
They said we would never escape  
The goblin box,  
They had never been so fucking wrong  
In their whole god damn motherfucking

Lives so easy to save,  
Lost by the hundreds.  
Foolproof design?  
But this box is  
Easy to fucking destroy!  
Where the fuck are your brains now?  
I (think I) see them on the wall

Breaking free  
(Rip all the humans)  
With ease  
(Tear all the humans up)  
Our appetite for blood  
(Kill all the humans)  
Impossible to please

Stuffed  
Into the clutches of this  
Horrible box,  
So  
Many other beasts  
Have met their demises.  
They said that the box  
Was a damn solid design,  
But what they didn't realize  
Was goblins are stronger, faster, and smarter.

Chuckling humans, sealing the box,  
Goblins are undeterred.  
Taking great care as they check all the locks  
Not a peep can be heard as they speak not a word!

In the end, the humans are mauled, beaten, and killed.  
You may ask how this came to pass...  
How did we escape the box?  
Clearly, the answer is...

The humans had built the box to torture and maim all  
kinds of magical creatures...  
But the goblins were not to be trifled with, no not to  
be trifled with at all.  
And as the humans lay there, a pulsating mound of bone  
and flesh, dead and mutilated  
Beyond all hope and reason, the goblins feasted on  
their rotting corpses, filling the halls with the  
shrill sound of chilling laughter. Forever.